Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS

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A WHISPER TO GENTLEMAN.

BY FANNY FERN.

Jupiter Ammon! don't I wish I was a man, just to show the masculines how to play their part in the world a little better! In the first place, there ain't a mother's son of you that has got as far as A B C, in the art of making love, (and I've seen a few abortions, in that way myself, as well as the rest of our dear sisters.) What woman wants to be told that 'her feet and eyes are pretty,' or 'her form and smile bewitching!' Just as if she didn't know all her fine points, as soon as she is tall enough to peep into a looking glass!

No, you ineffable donkey, if you must use the small coin of flattery to pay toll at the bridge of her affection, let me whisper a secret in your long ears. Compliment her upon some mental attractions, she does not possess, (if you can find one) and dont weare the knees of your pants threadbarn at her feet, trying to make her believe that she is your first love. We all know that is among the first things that were, after you were out of your jacket and trowsers.

What a splendid husband I (Fanny) should make, to be sure, had Providence ordained it! Do you suppose when the mother of my glorious boys wanted a six pence to buy their shoe strings, I'd scrowl at her like a hyena, and pull my port monaie out of my pocket as if I were pulling a tooth! Do you suppose when her blue eyes grew lusterless, and the rose paled on her fair cheek, trotting around the domestic tread-mill day after day, that I'd come home at night, sulky and silent, and smoke my cigar in her face till her eyes where as red as rabbit's or take myself off to a club, or a game at nine pins, or any other game, and leave her to the exhilarting relaxation of darning my stockings?

Do you suppose I'd trot along like a loose poney at her side in the street, and leave her to keep up with me, or not, as her strength would permit? Do you suppose I'd fly in a passion, and utter words to crush the life from out her young heart, and then insult her by offering her a healing plaster in the shape of a new bonnet?

And don't you suppose when the anniversary of our wedding day come around, I'd write a dainty little note and leave on her toilet table, and let her know I was still a married lover?

Pshaw! I'm sick of you all! You don't deserve the love of a generous, high-souled woman! If you want a housekeeper, hire one and done with it. If you want a wife—but you don't.

One woman will answer as well as another to sew on your buttons, and straps; and strings, and make your duddings, and—so on, and so forth.

Do you suppose we have cultivated our minds and improved the bright and glorious gift of intellect to the best of our capacity, to minister unto your physical wants?—Not a bit of it. When that's over, we want something rational.

Do you ever think of that, you selfish wretch when you sit with your feet upon the mantle-piece, reading the newspaper all to yourself or sit from tea-time till ten o'clock, staring the ashes in the grate out of countenance?

Lord Henry! If I had such a block of a husband, I'd scare up the ghost of a lover somewhere if there is any wit in woman.

THE WAR HORSE IN BATTLE.—Among the many and varied incidents of the battle field, not the lenst is the conduct of that noble animal the war-horse. Some, on losing their riders, will still continue their evolutions with the corps to which they belong, or get a fresh rider, or arrested by the swift messenger of death. Others plunge madly through the field, treading down all before them, many lying with their legs broken, unable to rise, and looking piteously for relief.—I put several of these poor creatures out of their misery by shooting them through the head. There was one noble animal resting on his haunches, with his fore legs extended, and his head erect, making repeated but ineffectual attempts to rise, his hind legs were shattered by a cannon ball; thinking to terminate his sufferings more speedily, I placed the muzzle of my piece close to his forehead and fired; I was too close, however, the ball rebounded from the bone and wounded myself in the thigh slightly.

Another beautiful black horse, very richly accoutred, was standing like a statue, and his late master, an officer of the French cuirassiers, lying near him; we wondered to see him so passive, and one of our men mounted and urged him forward, when the first step was taken, down came both together, the luckless rider measuring his length on the ground amid the derisive shots of his comrads.—On examination it was found that one of the fore legs of the horse had been broken just below the knee by (probably) a spent cannon ball, and as he stood up there was no appearance of a wound, nor did any blood escape, though the part was much swollen.

From the New York Sunday Dispatch.

Gerret Smith.

The most singular feature in the recent canvass is the election of Gerrit Smith, the abolitionist, to Congress, in the 22d Congressional district composed of Madison and Oswego counties. Mr. Smith ran as a stump candidate, and we have no doubt his unexpected election surprised himself as much as it did his constituents and the State at large. Many voted for him out of a joke; but it unfortunately was carried so far that it has introduced Smith to the portals of Congress. Some years ago the Bostonians, from fun, came within a close shave of electing the notorious George Washington Dixon to the Mayoralty. The city fortunately for its own reputation, had just grave citizens enough in the canvass to save it from a ludicrous political position. The 22d district was not so fortunate—it has too many jokers—and unhappily not only are Madison and Oswego counties, but the State of New York, disgraced. Gerritt Smith is an able man run crazy. He has dwelt so long on the impossible ideas of amalgamation and disunion, that we should not be surprised if he, on taking his seat, should bring bills for the dissolution of the confederacy, and making it a felony hereafter for a white man to marry any but a negress, or a negro man other than a Caucasian miss. Mr. Smith believes in variety of color. He thinks it repugnant to nature and common sense that there should be extremes in races.—The contrast—black and white—is too startling to his too sensitive nature. A dirty brown is more agreeable to him, and not so dazzling to the optics. Notwithstanding the vagaries and waking dreams which Mr. Smith indulges, in the main, we believe him to be a good man. He has his eccentricities, it is true—eccentricities which, in the eyes of the world do not compensate for his philanthropies. Perhaps a single session of Congress will knock the "higher law" idea out of his head. Once that is gotten rid of, Mr. Smith will be an ornament to the district which he so unexpectedly is called upon to represent.

It is well to state in this connection, for fear our readers may misunderstand his character, that the Congressman from the 22d district is not like the majority of the abolitionists in our community—preaching one thing and practicing another.—Gerritt Smith believes in the elevation of the white as well as the negro. When Mr. Smith's father died he bequeathed to his son some five hundred thousand acres of wild land in this State. The estate was deeply indebted for taxes. These Mr. Smith paid off, and then gave his inheritance away to actual settlers, in fifty acre farm lots. Much fault, however, was found by disinterested people, with Mr. Smith, in thus disposing of his property—not exactly for giving it away, but for bestowing it indiscriminately on the negro as well as the white. Gerritt Smith is now said to be poor. He lately said that his entire property would not rent for $75 a year. This speaks well for his sincerity; but for his wisdom, to most people, it tells a different tale. As Gerritt fortunately will be the only negro representative in Congress from this State, we do not know that much harm is done, unless it be to the unfortunate African, whose guardian he has constituted himself.

Mr. Smith is a land reformer, but as it is probable the great measure of the National Reformers will not become a law of the next Congress, his behief in the soundness of the measure will not hurt the doctrine.

There is this to be said for Mr. Smith, apart from his political phantasies, he is an able man, an eloquent speaker, and his honesty, we believe, has never been publicly questioned.

A Second Ulysses.

An old man of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the police court of Philadelphia. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business do you follow, Wilmot?"

"Business? None! I'm a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps."

"You are not far wrong—travelers and vagabonds are much the same thing.—The difference is that the *latter* travel without *money* and the *former* without *brains*."

"Where have you travelled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"And what have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at."

"Umph, and what do you commend?"

"A handsom woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon, a good writer that will not write too much, and a fool that has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing, a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands, and a people who elect a drunkard or blockhead to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit."

He was dismissed.

☞ The human heart is like a feather bed it must be roughly handled, well shaken and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard.

☞ In Great Britain, five hundred millions of dollars have been invested in railroads.

☞ The following stanzas were written by a highly gifted young lady of New York, during an absence from her home to the Old Dominion. Are they not pretty:

From the Cincinnati Atlas.

STANZAS.

"Suggest any improvements we can make which which will render home more pleasant to you."
[A LETTER FROM HOME.

"Home more pleasant?" 'tis already
The ONE pleasant spot on earth;
Next to Heaven it seemeth brightest—
The dear home that gave me birth.

"Home more pleasant?" ah! my father,
What COULD make it seem more bright?
Nestle there the hearts that love me,
And love maketh darkness light.

"Home more pleasant?" nay, I would not
That it seem to me more dear,
Lest my soul forget, and fancy
Its "abiding place" is here.

NORFOLK, Va. ELLEN GRAY.

BURNING THE FALLOW.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The winter and spring of 1824 had passed away. The latter was uncommonly cold and backward; so much so, that we had a fall of snow upon the 14th and 15th of May, and several gentlemen drove down to Coburg in a sleigh, the snow lying on the ground to the depth of several inches.

A late, cold spring in Canada is generally succeeded by a burning hot summer, and the summer of '34 was the hottest I ever remember. No rain fell upon the earth for many weeks, till nature drooped and withered beneath one bright blaze of sunlight; and the ague aud fever in the woods, and the cholera in the large towns and cities, spread death and sickness through the country.

Moodie had made, during the winter, a large clearing of twenty acres around the house. The progress of the workmen had been watched by me with the keenest interest. Every tree that reached the ground opened a wider gap in the dark wood, giving us a broader ray of light, and a clearer glimpse of the blue sky.—But when the dark cedar swamp fronting the house, fell beneath the stroke of the axe, and we got the first view of the lake, my joy was complete; a new and beautiful object was now constantly before me, which gave me the greatest pleasure.—By night and day, in sunshine or in storm, water is always the most sublime feature in a landscape, and no view can be truly grand in which it is wanting. From a child, it has always had the most powerful effect upon my mind, and from the great ocean rolling in majesty, to the tinkling forest rill, hidden by the flowers and rushes along its banks. Half the solitude of my forest home vanished when the lake unveiled its bright face to the blue heavens, and I saw the sun, moon and stars and waving trees reflected there.—I would sit for hours at the window, as the shades of evening deepened around me, watching the massy foliage of the forest pictured in the waters, till fancy transported me back to England, and the songs of birds and the lowing of cattle were sounded in my ears. It was long, very long, before I could discipline my mind to learn and practice all the menial employments which are necessary in a good settler's wife.

The total absence of trees about the doors in all new settlements, had always puzzled me, in a country where the intense heat of summer seems to demand all the shade that can be procured. My husband had left several beautiful rock-elms, (the most picturesque tree in the country,) near our dwelling, but, alas! the first high gale prostrated all my fine trees, and left our log cottage entirely exposed to the rays of the sun. The confusion of an uncleared fallow spread around us on every side: huge trunks of trees and piles of brush gave a littered and uncomfortable appearance to the locality, and as the weather had been very dry for some weeks, I heard my husband daily talking with his choppers as to the expediency of firing the fallow. They still urged him to wait a little longer till he could get a good breeze to carry the fire through the bushes.

Business called him suddenly to Toronto, but he left a strict charge with old Thomas and his sons, who were engaged in the job, by no means to attempt to burn it off till he returned, as he wished to be upon the premises himself, in case of any danger. He had previously burned all the heaps immediately about the doors. While he was absent, old Thomas and his second son fell sick with the ague, and went home to their own township, leaving John, a surly, obstinate young man in charge of the shanty where they slept, and kept their tools and provisions. Monaghan, I had sent to fetch up my three cows, as the children were languishing for milk, and Mary and I remained alone in the house with the little ones. The day was sultry, and toward noon a strong wind sprung up that roared in the pinetops like the dashing of distant billows, but without the least degree abating the heat. The children were lying listlessly upon the floor for coolness, and the girl and I were finishing sun bonnets, when Mary suddenly exclaimed:

"Bless us, mistress, what a smoke!"

I ran immediately to the door, but was not able to distinguish ten yards before me. The swamp immediately below us was on fire, and the heavy wind was driving a dense black cloud of smoke directly towards us.

"What can this mean?" I cried; "Who can have set fire to the fallow?"

As I ceased speaking, John Thomas stood pale and trembling before me.

"John, what is the meaning of this fire?"

"O, ma'am, I hope you will forgive me. It was I set fire to it, and I would give all I have in the world if I had not done it."

"What is the danger?"

"O, I am terribly afraid we shall all be burnt up," said the fellow beginning to whimper.

"Why did you run such a risk, and your master from home, and no one no the place to render the least assistance?"

"I did it for the best," blubbered the lad.

"What shall we do?"

"Why, we must get out of it as fast as we can, and leave the house to its fate."

"We can't get out," said the man in a low, hollow tone, which seemed the concentration of fear; "I would have got out of it if I could, but just step to the back door, ma'am, and see."

I had not felt the least alarm up to this minute; I had never seen a fallow burnt, but I had heard of it as a thing of such common occurrence, that I had never connected with it any idea of danger.—Judge then, my surprise and horror, when on going to the back door, I saw that the fellow to make sure of the work had fired the field in fifty different places. Behind, before, and on every side, we were surrounded by a wall of fire, burning furiously within a hundred yards of us, and cutting off all possibility of escape, for, could we have found an opening through the burning heaps, we could not have seen our way through the dense canopy of smoke; and buried, as we were, in the heart of the forest no one could discover our situation, till we were beyond the reach of help. I closed the door and went back to the parlor. Fear was knocking loudly at my heart, for our utter helplessness annihilated all hope of being able to effect our escape—I felt stupefied. The girl sat upon the floor by the children, who, unconscions of the peril that hung over them, had both fallen asleep. She was silently weeping, while the fool who had caused the mischief, was crying aloud.

A strange calm succeeded my first alarm; tears and lamentations were useless; a horrible death was impending over us, and yet I could not believe that we were to die. I sat down upon the step of the door, and watched the awful scene in silence. The fire was raging in the cedar swamp, immediately below the ridge on which the house stood, and it presented a spectacle truly appalling.—From out the dense folds of a canopy of black smoke, the blackest I ever saw, leaped up, continually, red forks of lurid flame, as high as the tree tops, igniting the branches of a group of tall pines that had been left standing for sawlogs. A deep gloom blotted out the heavens from our sight. The air was filled with fiery particles, which floated even to the door step, while the crackling and roaring of the flames might have been heard at a great distance. Could we have reached the lake shore, where several canoes were moored at the landing, by launching out into the water we should have been in perfect safety; but to attain this object it was necessary to pass through this mimic hell; and not a bird could have flown over it with unscorched wing.

There was no hope in that quarter, for could we have escaped the flames, we should have been blinded by the thick, black, resinous smoke. The fierce wind drove the flames at the sides and back of the house, up the clearing, and our passage to the road or to the forest, on the right or on the left, was entirely obstructed by a sea of flames. Our only ark of safety was the house, so long as it remained untouched by the devouring element. I turned to young Thomas, and asked him how long he thought that would be.

"When the fire clears this little ridge in front, ma'am. The Lord have mercy upon us then, or we must all go!"

"Cannot *you*, John, try and make your escape, and see what can be done for us and the children?"

My eye fell upon the sleeping angels, locked peacefully in each others arms, and my tears flowed for the first time.—Mary, the servant girl, looked piteously up in my face. The good, faithful creature had not uttered one word of complaint, but now she faltered forth:

"The dear, precious lambs! Oh! such a death!"

I threw myself down upon the floor beside them, and pressed them alternately to my heart, while inwardly I thanked God that they were asleep, and unconscious of danger, and unable by their childish cries to distract our attention from adopting any plan which might offer to effect their escape.

The heat became suffocating. We were parched with thirst, and there was not a drop of water in the house, and none to be procured nearer than the lake. I turned once more to the door, hoping that a passage might have been burnt through to the water. I saw nothing but a dense cloud of fire and smoke—could hear nothing but the crackling and roaring of flames, which were gaining so fast upon us that I felt their scorching breath in my face.

"Ah,' thought I, (and it was a most bitter thought,) "what will my beloved husband say when he returns and finds that Susy and his dear girls have perished in this miserable manner? But God can save us yet."

The thought had scarcely found a voice in my heart, before the wind rose to a hurricane, scattering the flames on all sides into a tempest of burning billows.—I buried my head in my apron, for I thought that our time was come, and that all was lost, when a most terrific crash of thunder burst over our heads, and, like the breaking of a water spout, down came the rushing torrent of rain which had been pent up for so many weeks.—In a few minutes the chip-yard was all afloat, and the fire was effectually checked. The storm which, unnoticed by us, had been gathering all day, and which was the only one of any note we had that summer, continued to rage all night, and before morning had quite subdued the cruel enemy, whose approach we had viewed with such dread.

The imminent danger in which we had been placed, struck me more forcibly after it was past than at the time, and both the girl and myself sank upon our knees and lifted up our hearts in humble thanksgiving to that God who had saved us by an act of his providence from an awful and sudden death. When all hope from human assistance was lost, his hand was mercifully stretched forth, making his strength more perfectly manifested in our weakness:

"He is their stay when earthly help is lost,
The light and anchor of the tempest tossed."

There was one person, unknown to us, who had watched the progress of that rash blaze, and had even brought his canoe to the landing, in the hope of getting us off. This was on Irish pensioner named Dunn, who had cleared a few acres on his government grant, and had built a shanty on the opposite shore of the lake.

The next evening brought the return of my husband, who listened to the tale of our escape with a pale and disturbed countenance, not a little thankful to find his wife and children still in the land of the living. For a long time after the burning of that fallow, it haunted me in my dreams. I would awake with a start, imagining myself fighting with the flames, and endeavoring to carry my little children through them to the top of the clearing, when invariably their garments and my own took fire just as I was within reach of a place of safety.

[*Roughing it in the Bush.*

AN ILLUSTRATION OF RUSSIAN JUSTICE.—The following characteristic anecdote is circulated in Russia by way of showing the corruption of its public officers. A poor man had obtained the loan of an old horse from a wealthy friend of his, to fetch wood from the forest. Having no "fixings" of any kind to attach Bucephalus to his sleigh, he tied a rope to his tail and thus made him drag the load. Alas! the rope was stronger than the tail, for the latter was torn out and left the peasant overwhelmed with consternation. The owner happening to come along, saw the damage done to his horse, and at once told the peasant to come with him before the judge. The road was bad, and night set in before they had reached their destination. They had, consequently, to stay at a road side inn, and the peasant, as was his custom, laid down to sleep on the top of the stove. Dreams troubled his sleep; he turned and fell, and happening to have a cradle stand near him, he killed the child that slept in it. There was a bony muss. The father of the child vowed to join the other complainant and bring a charge of murder against the poor peasant. As day broke, they were on their way.

"I am sure to be found guilty," said the poor wretch to himself, "and I may as well die at once."

No sooner thought than done. Passing a bridge, he leaped over the balustrade, in the hope of breaking his neck on the hard ice below, but a gentleman in a sleigh happened to be passing beneath the bridge at the same moment, and as the peasant alighted on him, he died without uttering a syllable. The son of the deceased at once joined the complainant and they all walked on.

"Fate will not have me die," said the peasant, once more to himself, "and as I seem to be invulnerable, I must needs try to kill the Judge if he decides against me."

Placing a huge stone in his handkerchief, he went coolly on and soon stood before the magistrate. Each in his turn, the complainants make their charges, and each time they cease speaking, the accused holds up his handkerchief in a threatening manner to the Judge. The latter personage mistaking this movement for an attempt to enlist his sympathy by holding up to his view a bag filled with silver coin, gave the following verdict:

1. The horse remains in the possession of the accused, until a new tail has grown out.

2. The accused has to live with the wife of the complainant until she has been delivered of a male child by him to make up for the deceased.

3. After the child is born, the accused is to take the place of the gentleman who was killed under the bridge, and the son of the deceased is to leap down from the bridge upon him to cause his death.

When the Judge afterwards sent his servant to collect the money of the accused for the judicious sentence, he received nothing but the handkerchief and a stone.

☞ A BRIEF LITANY.—From all bores, back-biters, inquisitive people, tell-tales, and hollow-hearted evil doers, deliver us.

From long-winded, prosy essays, harangues, and hail-storms, from high winds of adversity, and rich relations, deliver us.

From whimsical wives, pet dogs, fashionable daughters, and $100 shawls, deliver us.

From other people's babies and their mint sticks, from harrangues about smart children and their capers, deliver us.

From rheumatism and lumbago, quack doctors and water-cure pills, and potations, deliver us.

From smoky chimneys, scolding wives, and wash days, deliver us.

From amatuer poets, and love sonnets, dancing masters and fish hooks, deliver us.

From politics in religion, and religion in politics, deliver us.

☞ If five and a-half yards make a perch, how many will it take to make a pike?

☞ Brigam Young, the Mormon, it is said, has married his twenty-fourth wife.

THE VISITED VOTER.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta furnishes the following clever hit at traveling candidates for office:

One day, just as I was going to sit down to dine on a nice fat capon that my wife had laid upon the table, (said capon was just large enough for her and me,) and I had pulled the cork out of the cool bottle of claret, a man walked up to the gallery steps, hat in hand, bowing and smoking, and says he, "Good day, sir—this is Mr. Timson, I believe, sir?" "Yes, sir, that is my name—take a seat, sir." "Thank you, Mr. Timson," said he, laying his hat to one side, and planting himself in a chair, showing plain enough that my fat capon was in danger. "Very warm weather," said he. "Very," said I. "Shall I trouble you for a drink of water," said he. "Oh, no trouble,"—'here, Polly," said I, speaking to a negro girl, "here, Polly, go set the decanter upon the sideboard; walk in, sir, and take something to stimulate the system." "Well, really," said he, "I hardly ever drink anything." "Oh, it won't hurt you sir, said I, walk in, walk in." He *did* walk in, and as he passed the table, he cast an eye upon my capon. Mrs. Timson saw the glance and turned pale—not that my dear wife begrudged the capon, but she knew there was not enough for three, and there was no time to cook another. He took a stiff horn, and then turned around and told me his name was Grimkin, and that he was a candidate for the Legislature. I told him I was glad to make his acquaintance, and introduced him to Mrs. Timson, who told him that she was *very* glad to see him, (poor woman, she told a white one that time, but I hope God will forgive her for it—in fact I feel certain that he will, for she was driven to it, you know,) and I invited him to sit down and take dinner. Mrs. Timson excused herself with the plea that she had to go out and attend to a negro child that had just taken very sick, (may the guilty—that is the candidate—suffer for that sin, too, as I am confident it will be the case,) and left us to divide the capon between us—she the dear one, dining on mush and milk. Very little of that capon did I eat, and very little of my cool claret passed *my* lips. I had Mr. Grimkin's horse fed, too, and he kept me up after dinner, talking about what he meant to do when he got into the Legislature, whilst I would have given more for my after dinner nap than I would for all his principles and brains put together. I did'nt promise to vote for him, but hinted very strongly that way. The fact is, I never heard of him before. Well, he went away, and I lay down on the gallery, and went to sleep.

I had gone off into a deep and glorious snooze, and was dreaming that a huge monster with forty heads, on each of which was a great brass gimblet, *a la rhinoceros*,) had announced himself as a candidate for all the offices in the gift of the people, when Mrs. Timson, (who would no more have disturbed my siesta on an ordinary occasion, than she would have cut off her little finger,) tickled my nose with a feather, and I awoke in a very bed humor. "D—n it all, Mrs. Timson, my dear," said I, starting up and rubbing my eyes, 'what the devil did you disturb me for? eh, Mrs. Timson?' "Oh, don't speak so loud," said she in a whisper; "there's a gentleman sitting in the parlor—another candidate." I put on a calm countenance, and walked in, and there sat an intelligent, bright looking young man, whom I saw at a glance was a gentleman disguised as a candidate. He rose up and apologized very gracefully for having disturbed me, and told me that he was a candidate; that inexorable custom compelled him to visit the people, and that he wished to occupy as little of their time, and give them as little trouble as possible. "Sir," said I with fervor, "you shall have my vote—you are a man of sense—you are a gentleman, I see that, notwithstanding your disguise, and I'll vote for you, sir! What are your politics, and for what office do you run?" He explained it all, and after I had pressed him to eat a little dinner, and refresh himself at the sideboard, he left.—I advised Mrs. Timson to have some capons always dressed, and some claret always cooling—and it was well I did so. That night three candidates slept at my house: one was running for Justice of the Peace, one for Constable, and the other for Congress. They discussed the affairs of the nation with considerable warmth, until after midnight—the constable candidate getting rather the best of it, as Mrs. Timson and I both thought, and then went to bed, the whole three, as I thought, (and Mrs. Timson remarked the same thing,) *rather tight*.

The next day seven candidates visited my house and ate with me, and four more slept in my beds. Three had already retired when the fourth came. Mrs. Timson had only two spare beds, therefore, they slept two in a bed. About five minutes after I had conducted the new comer to the room where one of the candidates was in bed, I heard a tremendous racket, loud voices—a crashing of furniture—a falling of bodies—and such a cursing and swearing as I never before heard in my house. I ran to the room, at the door of which stood the two candidates in their shirts, looking on at the scene of destruction.

"Why, Mr. Timson," said one, "why did you put those two men in bed together? Why, sir, they are both running for Clerk, and are just as hostile towards one another as two men can well be."

I looked into the room, and there stood Mr. Squirt, with one of Mrs. Timson's beautiful pieces of crockery ware, held aloft in his hand, (like Jove posing a thunderbolt,) ready to descend upon the head of Mr. Spoots, who held up as a shield, the cover of the same vessel.—They had already broken the looking-glass on the bureau, had demolished two chairs, and torn the musquito bar into shreds.—Mr. Squirt brought the spacious mouth of the vessel down accurately upon the top of Mr. Spoot's very small head. The bottom flew out, and the milk-white vessel rested upon Mr. Spoot's shoulders, encircling his neck and chin like the ruffle of a Spanish Hidalgo, in the time of Cortez. The bridge of Mr. Spoot's nose was badly skinned by the descent of the vessel. I succeeded in stopping the row, and after two hours spent in writing and accepting challenges, and drinking my old rye, the parties shook hands and went to bed together.

A Boy Shot by his Father.

We do not remember when our feelings were more touched with an account of a catastrophe, than on listening, a few days since, to the relation of the circumstence of Mr. John Williams, of Covington township, Kentucky, mistaking his son for a deer, and shooting him on the 11th ult: Mr. Williams left his house in company with Mr. Parry, for the purpose of showing him the way through the woods to a point for which Mr. Parry had started and took with him a loaded gun. After going about 400 yards from his house, he thought he saw a deer, and taking close aim, fired. His horror can be better imagined than described, on hearing his little son Isaac, a fine boy about 12 years of age, cry out, "*Father, why did you shoot me?*" The father exclaimed to his companion, "Oh! did ever a man shoot his boy before?" B oth men ran to meet the boy approaching them, about 20 yards from the place where he was shot. It was observed that the ball had entered the back, near the shoulder blade, and passing through the body, passed out a little on one side of the centre of the breast.—No hope was entertained that the boy would live half an hour. Mr. Parry was so confused and confounded, that he knew little of what had passed, and only recollects that it was proposed to carry the boy into the house, about 400 yards distant, to which the little fellow objected, and asked that he might lie down. With his father's coat for a bed, his request was granted, when he cast an anxious look at his frantic parent, and said, "Father, you will bury me on the farm, won't you?" Immediately Mr. Parry hastened for a physician, and on the way gave notice to a neighbor, who hastened to the spot, and carried the boy into the house against his will. The physician arrived, and believed the boy would not survive through the night. He did, however, and as late as one week after, when we last heard from him was doing well, the physician and friends entertaining strong hope that he would recover, having come to the conclusion that the ball did not touch a vital part. The little fellow is cheerful and patient, breaths well, has a good appetite, and talks freely. No doubt, many a hearty prayer has been offered up to Heaven for his recovery.—Poor little fellow, may he be restored, and yet be a great blessing to his deeply sorrowing parent.

The lad was gathering chesnuts in the woods, the color of his clothes closely resembled that of a deer, and the wristband of one shirt sleeve projecting a little below the coat sleeve, the father mistook it for the end of a deer's tail, which is frequently white, and fired.

SINGULAR FACT—A WIFE NOT KNOW HER HUSBAND.—A Southern Journal has the following:

In Saturday's Constitution a paragraph appeared, stating that an inquest had been held on the body of a man named William Duke, a carpenter, who was drowned in the Mardike stream. While the body lay at the bridewell, poor Duke's wife and daughter called to see it before the inquest, and left the bridewell with tears and lamentations. They returned home and the inquest was held—the Coroner thinking it unnecessary to call for the evidence of the mourners—and the Jury came to the verdict "that the deceased, William Duke, was accidentally drowned." When the wife and daughter returned home, what was their astonishment to see him whom they thought they had just seen dead, alive and well, warming himself comfortably by the fire. The frightened women for some time refused to believe the evidence of their senses; and it was not until some neighbors called in and effected a mutual understanding between the parties, that anything like quiet was restored. At length, after some explanations, it appeared that the deceased was not William Duke, who had been away from home, and had only that evening returned. Who the deceased was, no one knows. Duke, on learning that he was supposed to be drowned, was exceedingly angry, at the stupidity of his wife; and it was with much difficulty that the neighbors who had come in to comfort the widow and orphans, effected a complete reconciliation.

A STRANGE PLAYMATE.—A few days since, a lady of our town narrated to us the following curious incident, which she derived from a near relative, the mother of a bright little boy, not a year old.—The child was, one day, seated near the edge of the porch, a table-spoon with which to amuse itself being placed in its hand.

After a short time, the mother happened to look towards the babe, and perceived that it was leaning over the porch, and cautiously extending the spoon towards the ground, then suddenly withdrawing it with a hearty laugh, each time that it drew its hand back. This manœuvere the infant repeated frequently; its mother supposing it to be playing with a kitten, paid no particular attention to it for the moment.

At length, the child's frequent bursts of laughter, and its prolonged enjoyment of the sport in which it was engaged, induced the mother to approach and look